A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, January 10. 1708.

AND now, whether it be resolved, or not resolved, which Way this War is to be chiefly carry'd on, I hope, one Thing may be allow'd to be a Fundamental, (*viz.*) *That this War is to be carry'd on*: In this we all agree, the *Delenda* is actually written either upon *French* Power or *Europe*'s Liberty— And why should we differ so much in the Manner? one says, it is chiefly to be prosecuted by Sea, and another by Land, and very busie we are dictating to our Masters; but I think, the best general Head, that can be pitch'd upon by Way of Inference, is this one Proposition, That it must be carry'd on both by Sea and Land with all possible Vigour.

France must be reduc'd, *by Sea it cannot be done* without great Armies by Land; *by Land it cannot be done* without great Navies by Sea; and therefore both must be apply'd to; he that would slacken one to encrease the other, will never have the Work done, and may reasonably be supposed not to desire it.

By Sea you cannot reduce *France*, for if you are too strong for him, he lays up his Fleet in his inaccessible Harbours, where they are secur'd even within the Fortifications of Towns, as at *Thoulon* and *Dunkirk*, or by innumerable Batteries as at *Brest*; that were your Fleet a thousand Sail, you could no Way come at them without a powerful Army by Land——

While his Navy is thus secur'd, he spreads the Sea with small Squadrons of Men of War, and Swarms of Capers, that not a Ship stirs out of your Ports, but she is snap't up, and the Commerce of *England* and

and *Holland* is ſo univerſal, that it is impoſſible, but they ſhould meet with Purchaſe ſufficient to encourage them; and what is your being Maſters of the Sea to this, unleſs you ſuffer not a Ship to ſtir without Convoy, and have a Squadron of Men of War for every Fleet of Merchant Men that goes *out* and *in*, you cannot ſecure the Merchants Ships from the Privateers?

Nor can you revenge your ſelves on the *French*, *or pay them in Kind*; becauſe their Ships are ſo few, you cannot make it worth while, and your's are ſo many, they cannot miſs of a Prey: It is noted, that at the firſt of this War you took a great many *French* Privateers, and they got but few Prizes; the *firſt* was owing to your Diligence, 'tis true, but the *laſt* was, becauſe their Fleet being fitted out for two Year together, their Privateers were call'd in to man the Navy, and they were fewer than now; you have had no *French* Fleet out, *I mean their Grand Royal Navy*, now for two Years, and for that Reaſon the Seas ſwarm with their Privateers, and I muſt own, the worſt Way the *French* can make War with us, is to plague us with their Privateers, and lay their Navy up, and *never ſay I tell them how to hurt us*, for you ſee they have made the Experiment already.

And now, *to you Gentlemen, who tell us, the beſt Way to reduce* France *is to ruin their Naval Power*; Pray tell me how will you ruin their Privateering Trade, I'll tell you one Way, if you will tell me another; about 2 Year ago the Duke of *Marlborough* was our Admiral, and he ſhew'd us the Way, he ruin'd a whole Neſt of Privateers at once—

If this be a Riddle to you, I'll ſoon explain it; the Battle of *Ramellies* clear'd the Sea of a Matter of 42 Privateers, that did us a great Deal of Damage, and took Abundance of our Ships—If it be ſtill a Riddle to you, remember, that the only Way found out to deliver us from the *Oſtend* Privateers, was by taking the Town. This the Battle of *Ramellies* procur'd, and the Duke of *Marlborough* was our beſt Admiral for that Expedition; and what could a hundred Sail of Men of War have done towards this? Little enough GOD knows, Witneſs our fruitleſs Attempts to bombard *Dunkirk* and *Calais*, and our many vain Expeditions to lie before *Dunkirk* to keep them in: But if you will effectually ruin the Naval Power of *France*, bring down your Armies, and take the Sea-Port Towns, and 'tis done at once, This is *the ſhorteſt Way* with the *French*.

I aſſure you, Gentlemen, we have not loſt one Ship by an *Oſtend* Privateer, ſince the Duke of *Marlborough* took that Town from the *French*, and do but pull *Dunkirk* about their Ears, do but unroof them there, beat them out of that Neſt of Thieves, and put a good Garriſon of bold *Britains* into it, I warrant you, I procure you good Merchants to enſure you, that as long as you can keep Poſſeſſion of the Town, you have no more Damage by *Dunkirk* Privateers.

On the other hand, diſmiſs all your Armies, and employ 7 Millions yearly in Men of War, and fit out a thouſand Cruiſers, *if you can find Men for them*, and when you have done all, the *French* ſhall be every Day ſnapping up your Merchants Ships, even at your own Doors, but take the Towns, and the Work is done at once.

If you will effectually ruin *France*, you muſt puſh at him by Land, beat him out of his Arſenals and Magazines by Land, and then he will be quite undone.

When the Hounds have run a Fox *to Earth*, they can do no more, 'tis *the Spade* and *the Mattock* muſt dig him out; indeed *the Terriers* will run *in* a little Way, and bark at him, but theſe are but yelping Curſes, and can only make a Noiſe, the crafty Devil lies cloſe—But dig him out, and you catch him *in a Poke*, or force him to his Heels again, and then the Hounds come in with him fairly.

Your Fleet Royal is *the Pack*, which runs the *French* Navy down with *full Cry*, and they take *to Earth*, that is, run into Harbour, run into *Breſt*, or *Dunkirk*, or *Thoulon*, and then we can do no more with the Fleet; if you will drive them to Sea again, you muſt come with your Spade and Pick-Axe, that is, bring your Armies, and beſiege them there, dig down their Baſtions, and throw open their Defences; the Bomb-Ketches, *like the Terriers above*, may creep into

into the Ports, and bark at them, but tho' they ſpit Fire at them, they lie ſtill, lay themſelves under Water, *or the like*; but taking the Town brings them all into a Poke, or drives them to Sea again upon the Article of Deſperation, and then you have them.

The Affair of *Thoulon* illuſtrated this Similly but too plainly, where for Want of digging out this Fox, the Pack of Hounds, Huntſmen, and all were faid to go Home without him——So inſufficient is all your Naval Power without the Superiority by Land.

MISCELLANEA.

I Have had frequent Notices ſent Me of late, that I have left off diverting the World in the *Review*, that my Subjects have been ſo taken up with ſerious Things, *which they call being dull*, that I have left off thoſe little Pieces of Mirth, which uſed to pleaſe the Reader; I confeſs, I have not of late recommended my ſelf to your Laughter, ſo much as to your Meditation, for my Subjects have, as I think, been too weighty to leave Room for the pleaſant Part I us'd to entertain you with, and therefore I have been ſo rude to ſome Gentlemen, who have ſent me Subject enough that Way, as to neglect anſwering them: But when I remember'd it is *Chriſtmas* Time, and an Interval of Buſineſs inclines you to ſome Diverſion, I thought to preſent you with the following Lines; And becauſe it ſhall not be altogether unprofitable to you to ſpend ſome *Chriſtmas* Thoughts about them, the Printer hereof is order'd to deliver, by Way of Acknowledgment, to any Perſon, that in eight Days Time ſhall bring a Solution of this Ænigma, a compleat Sett of the *Reviews*, being three Volumes, which the Bookſeller ſays is 2*l.* 4*s.* in Value——And to aſſure them, that the true Meaning ſhall be acknowledg'd, it is left ſeal'd up with the Printer, and ſhall on the Day appointed be open'd before any Perſon that deſires it. As to thoſe who reckon the Books no Reward, as being to them of no Value, they can but let the Riddle alone too, and the Account is even.

ÆNIGMA.

I Am found in the Earth, but how I came there,
Does neither by Nature or Reaſon appear;
I burn like a Candle, and I float like a Cork,
And I am uſeful in four Sorts of exquiſite Work:
I melt into Metal, calcine into Duſt,
I am Fluid yet Solid, and beſt found when I'm loſt;
I'm as round as a Hoop, yet I'm tall as a Tree,
I was born in the Dark, yet I help you to ſee:
I can live in the Water, yet can fly in the Air,
And my Subſtance will never diſſolve in the Fire.
I grow like a Plant, yet without Leaf or Branch,
I have all the four Elements clos'd in my Paunch.

I ſhall

I am bury'd alive, yet I live in the Grave,
And from the dark Tomb the Deſpairing I ſave.
From my Blood ſtrong Balſamicks, and Phyſical Liquor
Is drawn to reſtore the Wretches that Sick are.
I'm not at all monſtrous, yet with Wonder I'm found,
And you're all in Surprize when I'm ſeen in the Ground.
Yet I'm common as Raſcals, in the Country I live in,
And am thrown up and down at Six's and Seven.
If you plant me to grow, I never can thrive,
And tho you would bury me, ſtill I'm alive:
I'm a Drudge to the Meaneſt, and I freely ſubmit,
In my Hardſhips I neither repine or entreat;
Tho' I'm cruelly us'd, without any Compaſſion,
And am made the moſt ſcandalous Slave in the Nation.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Speedily will be Publiſh'd,

AN Hiſtorical Account of the Bitter Sufferings, and the Melancholy Circumſtances of the Epiſcopal Church of *Scotland*, under the Barbarous Usage and Bloody Perſecution of the *Preſbyterian* Church Government—With an Eſſay on the Nature and Neceſſity of a Tolleration in the *North* of *Britain*.

Theſe are to give Notice,

THat *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Phyſician, in ordinary to King *Charles* II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leproſies, Running of the Reins, and the moſt inveterate VENEREAL Diſeaſe, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or deſtructive Mercurial Preparations: Theſe incomparable Medicines need no Words to expreſs their Virtues; the many miſerable One that have been happily cured, after given over by others, ſufficiently recommend them as the moſt Sovereign Remedy in the World againſt all ſuch Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compaſſion to the diſtreſſed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*.

††† *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand Court, over againſt great Turnſtile in Holborn.*

WEnt away the 21 Inſtant, being diſorder'd in his Mind, an *Armenian*; his Name *Mannook* a tall, ſlim Fellow, roundiſh Faced, a little Pock-fretten, with large black Brows and very white Teeth, who, thro' Impatience of returning to *Perſia*, is ſuppos'd to have made his Way towards ſome of the Sea Ports, and for the quicker Diſpatch has left his Cloths behind him, and travels almoſt naked, wearing only a *Grecian* Cap, and a quilted Calicoe Coat, ſpeaks no *European* Language but *Portugueſe*, and a few Words of broken *Engliſh*, in which, according to his Cuſtom, he will make a Shift to tell every one he ſpeaks to, that he is a Chriſtian, and that he came with Mr. *Richard Baſnet* by Land from the King of *Perſia*, to the QUEEN, and the Honourable *Eaſt-India* Company.——Whoever ſhall ſtop this forlorn Courier, are deſired to uſe him kindly, and bring him back, or detain him, and give Notice to Mr. *Richard Baſnet*, at Mr. *Nixons* in *Warwick Court*, *London*, and all reaſonable Charges ſhall be allow'd, and a Reward of ten Shillings for the Trouble.